April 15, 1944

- CASEY, PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER -

"It's a Dog's Life!"

by

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Script No.40

CUE: COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
(..... 30 seconds .....)

CASEY: (COLD) Face the camera, please...hold it!

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: Thanks. (FADING) You'll see it in the Morning Express.

ANNC'R: The adventures of CASEY— PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER!

MUSIC: UP...THEN UNDER & BACK

ANNC'R: Columbia brings you another adventure of CASEY, PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER. Tonight, and every Saturday at this time, Columbia invites you to follow Casey on his exciting assignements and to meet the strangely assorted people who pass ins swift moving parade before the shutters of his camera. Tonight— (ORGAN EFFECT)—"It's a Dog's Life!"

MUSIC: OVERTURE TO DRAMA...UNDER FOR:

ANNC'R: ~~The day is Saturday. The time:-~~ mid-afternoon. ~~The place:-~~ the Photographic Department of the Morning Express. Casey sits sprawled at his battered desk, a scowl of discontent on his usually cheerful face...the scowl of a man who began his day with a dull razor, cold coffee and ham and eggs that had been too long in cold storage. In short, Casey is nursing a grouch. The door opens—

SOUND: DOOR OPENED & CLOSED OFF...UNDER:

ANNC'R: —and a young man enters the big room. Approching (FADING) its nearest occupant, he—

FRED: (A NICE KID OF 21, RATHER SHY & DIFFIDENT...OFF) Excuse me— Is Mr. Casey in?

MAN: (OFF) Over there. Hey, Casey—!

CASEY: (GROUCHY) Yeah?

MAN: Fella here to see you.

CASEY: (A GRUNT)

FRED: (FADING ON) My name's Parker, Mr. Casey...Fred Parker— I've heard a lot about you and—

CASEY: Sure, I'm on a lot of sucker lists...what are you selling?

FRED: Nothing. That is— You see, I'm a photographer—

CASEY: Oh...you're looking for a job.

FRED: Uh— yes.

CASEY: ~~You'll have to~~ see the City Editor ~~about that~~...his name's Burke— on the floor above.

FRED: I've already seen Mr. Burke...he says there aren't any vacancies here. I've been to all the other papers, too, and they've told me the same thing...because I haven't had any newspaper experience. But I'm awfully anxious to break into the press photography game...I thought you might advise me how to get a start.

CASEY: (DRYLY) No experience, huh.

FRED: ~~But~~ I know a lot about cameras and pictures...honest I do!

CASEY: How old are you?

FRED: Twenty-one. ~~(QUICKLY) In case you're wondering— I've already been in the Army...got my discharge last month. I— I was... hurt a little— in Africa.~~

~~CASEY: (SOFTENING) Oh. Sit down, kid.~~

~~FRED: Thanks.~~

~~CASEY: What'd you do before you went into the Army?~~

FRED: I worked in a camera supplies store. ~~I can get my old job back,~~ but my wife and I decided that ~~now was the~~ time for me to try to break into— the line I've always wanted to be in.

CASEY: You've got a wife, you ~~can have~~ a job with regular hours and you want to break into my kind of racket!

FREAD: Yes—

CASEY: Well, my advice to you is— forget it! It's the lousiest game in the world. You get round-shouldered and flat-footed lugging a ~~plate~~ camera...you're out at all hours of day and night in all kinds of weather— you never have any time you can call your own. People try to shove you around and step on you...you're just a camera-toter— a button-pusher! You can risk your hide to get a good shot for the paper you work for and they may stick it on page 10— if they use it at all! You get no thanks for anything and the dough you get is peanuts. It's a dog's life, kid!— keep out of it.

FRED: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) But you get around...you see things— you're part of things-- exciting things! I want to be a— button-pusher!

CASEY: (SIGHS) Okay, Here's the only way I know to break in:— Put in about twelve hours every day on the streets...with your eyes open and a camera ready. Occasionally, you'll get a news picture that you can sell...if you're lucky, you may get a real hot shot that you can trade to a city editor for a steady job. And you've got to be lucky, kid— lucky enough to be on the spot when things happen. That's all I can tell you.

FRED: Thanks a million, Mr. Casey!— I'll do exactly as you say.

CASEY: If you do, you're letting yourself in for a lot of grief and trouble...you'll have no leisure, no fun, no companionship, no—

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UNCRADLED AT *...RECRADLED AT **

CASEY: Excuse me. (*) Hello.

ANN: (ON FILTER) This is Ann, Casey. You busy?

CASEY: No—

ANN: Neither am I...~~and I'm dying for a cold glass of beer.~~ How about going over to the Blue Note?

CASEY: I'll be there in five minutes.

ANN: Okay. (**)

FRED: You've got to rush to somewhere in five minutes—/that means an important assignment+— ~~xxxx

ETH: Says you! (A SIGH) But I guess all perfessions has their disadvantages...and as my sister,Edna,says— quote: "There prob'ly never was a cruller who didn't think it would dunk better if it had been a doughnut...and viey versy." unquote.

WAITER: (HLAF OFF) Telephone,Mr.Casey— Mr.Burke calling.

CASEY: Oh,oh!— that means back to the slavery,Ann.

ANN: (FADING) Get to the phone quick or Burke will explode!

CASEY: I'm on my way.

ANN: (FADING OUT) We shouldn't have stayed here so long—

SOUND: TELEPHONE BOOTH DOOR CLOSED...RECEIVER CRADLED AT * & DOOR OPEN

CASEY: Hello,Burke.

BURKE: (ON FILTER...ANGRILY) Listen,Casey— the next time I want you and Williams and you're not in this office—!!

CASEY: Okay,Boss! Whatdo you want us to do?

BURKE: There's been a shooting on 12th Street— just south of Locust.

CASEY: L2th,south of Locust. Anything else?

BURKE: No. I got a delayed report on this thing and the cops are already there...you and Williams get on the job before everything's cleaned up.

CASEY: My car's across the street...we're starting right now. (*) (PROJECTS) Come on,Ann— double-quick!

ANN: (FADING ON) What is it,Casey?

CASEY: We're going to see what some shooting's about.

ETH: Did you say "shooting"?

CASEY: (FADING) That's right,Ethelbert. So long.

ETH: Hmm...I guess bar-tenderin' aint so bad after all.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CAR BRAKED TO A QUICK HALT...DOOR OPENED AT *;CLOSED AT **... CROWD MURMUR UNDER—FADE OFF AT ***

ANN: They've got the street roped off,Casey.

CASEY: We'll leave the car here,Ann! (*) Come on.

ANN: They're lifting a stretcher into that ambulance. (**)

CASEY: (quick glance, head) That isn't an ambulance— it's the morgue wagon! I'll get a shot of that—

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

ANN: That means the Medical Examiner has finished his job and—

CASEY: Let's get inside these lines.

ANN: There's Sergeant Flanagan on the sidewalk—

COP: (QUICK FADE ON) Keep back of those ropes, you!!

ANN: We're Press, Officer!

COP: Let's see your cards—

CASEY: Your Sergeant knows us—

COP: (FADING) Wait a minute—!!

CASEY: Hey, Flanagan—!! (***)

FLAN: (OFF...FADING ON) Hello, Casey— hi', Miss Williams! You two are gettin' here kinda late, aren't ya? Most of the other newspaper boys and girls has been and gone.

ANN: Dont rub it in...we got a delayed report—

CASEY: What's happened...who did they just haul away in that meat-wagon?

FLAN: For your unexclusive information, Casey, there's been a slight case of murder here...the not-much-lamented victim of which was a gent named Jake Dryer. (May Blake...)

CASEY: ~~Jake Dryer?~~ (May Blake)

ANN: The ~~private detective~~? (longer)

FLAN: ~~That's what he called himself, Miss Williams...but that one-horse detective agency he run was just a clearin' house for~~ (Dand he'd dreamed longer than y'call it then, Miss Willia... - he was a shyster of the worst kind who only knew) crooked business.

CASEY: Do you cops know who killed him?

FLAN: (CONTENTEDLY) We not only know who killed him, but we've already got the rods who did it. This case is all sewed up.

ANN: (IMPATIENTLY) Give, Sergeant!— let's have the details, so I can get em to the paper.

FLAN: Okay. Accordin' to eye-witnesses, the late Mr. Dreyer— Blake who'd just stepped outa the barber shop behind us after enjoyin' a refreshin' shave, massage and shampoo —suddenly flopped in the middle of the sidewalk...about where you're standin'. At the same time, a pistol shot was heard. AND— a second later, a green sedan, which had been standin' across the street, started away in such a big hurry that it crashed inta the back of a truck...only a few feet away from the traffic cop on the corner. He reached inta the green sedan, pulled out two guys who were there and— Who do you think they were?

CASEY: If they weren't Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny, you'll have to tell us.

FLAN: They was— Butch Silver and Tony Russo.

CASEY: They're a nice pair of hot-shots boys.

FLAN: Two of the sweetest little gorillas we got in this town.

ANN: And you've got 'em dead to rights, Sergeant?

FLAN: (HEDGING A LITTLE) /I've told you and Casey all I'm allowed to say now to the papers, Miss Williams...you'll have to get anything else from Lieutenant Logan.

CASEY: Where is Logan?

FLAN: In the backroom of the barber shop here— questionin' witnesses.

CASEY: Come on, Ann— let's go in.

FLAN: Wait-a-minute!!— no one goes in there!

CASEY: Now, Flanagan—

FLAN: I got my orders, Casey...and they apply to you, like everyone else.

CASEY: But you and I are PALS!

FLAN: Sure!— but you keep outa that barber shop...pal.

CASEY: Is that nice?

FLAN: It's what goes! (QUICKLY— & FEARFULLY) /And Buk if you'll be a good guy, Casey, and wont play no tricks to git past me, like ye've

(CONT'D)

FLAN: (cont'd) done sometimes before, I— I'll give Miss Williams a tip.

ANN: A tip?

FLAN: Oh, it aint anything I'm not allowed to tell!— it's just somethin' I forgot to mention to the other newspaper boys and girls.

CASEY: Okay, Flanagan...no tricks.

ANN: What's the tip?

FLAN: (LOW, IMPRESSIVELY) One of the witnesses to the shootin' is quite a prominent guy.

ANN: Who?

FLAN: George B Walker Ben Jorgie.

CASEY: The contractor?

FLAN: Biggest in town!

ANN: I interviewed Walker Ben Jorgie when he got the city paving contract last year! His offices are somewhere around here—

FLAN: Right across the street.

ANN: Of course!— I recognize the funny, old fashioned building now. Look, Casey— it's one of the antiques of this town...it hasn't any stores on the street level; just ordinary windows. And, inside, there's only one elevator, hidden way in back of the stairs.

FLAN: Walker Jorgie dont put on any dog...he's a democratic guy.

CASEY: Did he see those gorillas in the car shoot Dryer?

SOUND: DOOR OPENED & CLOSED HALF OFF

FLAN: He says— Here he comes outa the barber shop!— you can ask him yerself.

ANN: (SLIGHT FADE) Walk Mr. Jorgie, I'm Ann Williams of the Express...we met last year—

JORGIE: (ABOUT 50; NOT A CULTURED MAN, BUT INTELLIGENT, COURTEOUS & RATHER LIAKABLE...FADING ON) Oh, yes. How d' you do, Miss Williams.

CASEY: (HALF OFF) Hold it!

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

JORGIE: Huh—?

CASEY: Thanks. (FADING ON) Hope you didn't mind me snapping a picture of you, Mr. Jorgie. Walker

JORGIE: No...of course not—

ANN: Mr. Jorgie, we understand you saw the shooting. Will you give me an eye-witness account of what happened? Walker

JORGIE: Well— as I've just told Lieutenant Logan in there:- I happened to be at the window of my private office, just across the street, when the shot was fired— Captain

ANN: Your private office is— on the third floor, as I remember.

JORGIE: That's right— ~~the window at that end.~~ I saw this man, Dryer, fall...then I saw the green sedan start up and crash into the truck. I hurried out to the elevator; the operator brought me downstairs; I saw the men in the sedan arrested...and that's all. Blake

ANN: Did you see the shot fired from the sedan?

JORGIE: No-o...I cant say that I did, Miss Williams. But that's, obviously where it came from...the Medical Examiner says it must have been fired from about five feet above the ground— which means the killer sat in an automobile or stood on the sidewalk or street.

CASEY: There was only one shot fired?

JORGIE: That's all, Mr--uh—

CASEY: Casey's the name.

FLAN: Both of those gorillas in the sedan are dead shots, Casey... one shot is all either of em needed.

CASEY: But gunmen like Silver and Russo usually make sure of their kill with a couple shots, Flanagan—

SOUND: DOOR QUICKLY OPENED...HALF OFF. CLOSED AT *

LOGAN: (HALF OFF...SHARPLY) Flanagan— come in here!

FLAN: Yes, sir. (QUICK FADE) Lieutenant Logan wants me...I'll see ya— Captain

CASEY: (SLIGHT PROJECTION) Tell Logan I want to see him, Flanagan!

FRED: (HALF OFF, FADING ON——HAPPILY EXCITED) Mr.Casey! Mr.Casey——!!

CASEY: What——?? (*)

FRED: I'm Alan Inta Fred Perkins...you remember——!

CASEY: Sure, kid— But what were you doing in that barber shop?

FRED: I was a witness! Wasn't I, Mr. Walter Jorgie?— you and I were in there together.

JORGIE: ~~(CHUCKLES)~~ That's right, young man.

FRED: I did as you told me, Mr.Casey!— I was on the spot when things happened...and I had a camera with me. (CAUTIOUSLY LOWERING HIS VOICE) See— it's only a cheap pocket box, but it takes good pictures...and I got two shots of that Dwyer Blake fella from almost where we're standing— one as I heard the gun fired and the other right after he hit the ground.

JORGIE: (SHARPLY) You didn't tell the police about any pictures you took, young man.

FRED: Please dont give me away, Mr. Walter Jorgie...they wouldn't do the cops any good and they're swell news-pictures. I kept the camera in my pocket so the cops wouldn't see it and ask questions, Mr.Casey. ...I wanted to save these shots for you— for the Express. I've got hot stuff, haven't I??— and exclusive...the kind that'll get me a job??

CASEY: Come on to my car!— we'll get to the Express, develop that film and see just what you've got.

FRED: Let me develop it at home, Mr.Casey...with my own stuff— and bring it to you. I suppose it sounds silly, but these are my first news pictures...I'd like to do on my own way.

CASEY: They're your's, fella— do as you like with em...but blow em up to 8x10 and dont neglect to use a fine screen!

FRED: You'll see the kind of job I'll do...I'll have prints at your office in half an hour!

JORGIE: Which way is your home, young man? I'm taking a taxi at the corner...I'll drop you off.

FRED: That'll be swell, Mr. Jorgie.

SOUND: DOOR QUICKLY OPENED AND..HALF OFF

LOGAN: (HALF OFF) Mr. Jorgie—!

JORGIE: Yes, Lieutenant Logan?

LOGAN: I want to ask you a few more questions...will you come back in here for a moment?

JORGIE: I— I have important business to attend to, Lieutenant—

LOGAN: There's nothing more important right now than this murder! Come in here, please.

JORGIE: (IRRITABLY, FADING) I'll have to do as you say—

CASEY: When do Miss Williams and I get in there, Logan?

LOGAN: (IN MOCK SURPRISE) So YOU TWO are here!

ANN: We've been waiting for hours.

FRED: (LOW, QUICKLY) I'll beat it quick, Mr. Casey...see you at the Express.

CASEY: (LOW) Okay, kid.

LOGAN: (FADING ON) And WHY have you and Casey been waiting, Miss Williams?

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) When you start clowning, Logan, it means you have an airtight case.

LOGAN: (LOW, CONFIDENTIAL) It isn't quite that yet, Casey...I've got to tie up some loose ends.

ANN: What are they?

LOGAN: Well— the Medical Examiner took a 38 calibre slug out of Dryer's body— from an automatic pistol. We found guns on both guys who were in that sedan...but they were <u>revolvers</u> that hadn't been recently fired.

CASEY: They dropped the murder gun in the street.

LOGAN: Sure they did...but we haven't been able to find it. Someone picked it up, of course, and hasn't turned it in.

ANN: They tried to get away right after the shot was fired...that's proof enough of their guilt.

LOGAN: But here's how a smart lawyer can put that to a jury, Miss Williams:— "If you had a criminal record, Mr. Juryman, and if you saw a man shot within fifty feet of you, wouldn't it be your natural instinct to try to get away as soon as you could?" And Mr. Juryman falls for that line.

CASEY: The case is falling apart on you, Logan?

LOGAN: No, no...but it's going to take a lot more work than I expected to prove these guys are guilty. (A SIGH) Seems I never get an easy case...we cops lead an absolute dog's life, Casey.

MUSIC: BRIDGE Commercial

FRED: (EXCITEDLY)...FADING ON) I've got the prints for you, Mr. Casey... I told you I'd have em here in half an hour!

CASEY: You're two minutes ahead of time, kid.

FRED: I'd have made it even sooner, only a guy stopped me outside your building— a guy who wanted to buy the pictures.

CASEY: Wanted to buy—?

FRED: He's from another paper— the "Globe"...he offered me $200 for the shots I got.

CASEY: How'd the Globe know you had—?

FRED: He said someone who saw me take em told a Globe reporter.

CASEY: Oh.

FRED: But I wouldn't even let him see what I got...these shots are your's.

CASEY: Dont say that until we talk to Burke...he might not go 200 bucks worth.

FRED: It's a job I want!

CASEY: Let's see the prints.

FRED: Here.

CASEY: You blew em up okay.

FRED: I've got a good enlarging camera.

CASEY: (WITH DEFINITE APPROVAL) Nice work job, fella. This one shows Blake Dryer as he started to fall...you can see his body sagging—growing limp.

FRED: And this is after he hit the ground...I shot it just as quick as I could wind the film and get new focus.

CASEY: These are worth 200 bucks-and a steady job here besides. Come on...we're going upstairs to Burke, and I'm telling him just that.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

BURKE: (CRABBED, IRRITABLE) A hundred dollars for the two pictures is my limit, Casey...and we dont need any additions to the staff.

CASEY: Burke— no other paper in town'll have these shots! They're worth every cent of the 200 bucks the Globe has already offered ...and we can use this young fella—!

BURKE: (ANGRILY) Are you teling me how to run this paper, Casey???

FRED: (QUICKLY) It's okay, Mr. Casey...I'll take the hundred!

CASEY: You're crazy if you do, kid!

BURKE: You seem to be this young man's agent rather than an employee of the Express, Casey! What's to be your rake-off on this deal?

CASEY: (PAUSE...ICY COLD) You dont mean that, do you, Burke?

BURKE: (PAUSE) No. (STUBBORNLY) But a hundred is tops and I wont promise any job!

CASEY: Come on, kid.

FRED: (VERY SUBDUED) Okay.

BURKE: (FADING, SINCERELY) Casey, you know I didn't mean—

CASEY: (BITTERLY) Sure. But someday you'll make one of your fancy cracks, Burke...and I wont remember you dont mean what you say until after I've knocked your teeth out.

SOUND: DOOR OPENED & CLOSED...VIGIOUSLY

FRED: Gee, Mr. Casey...I'm terribly sorry—

CASEY: I told you this newspaper racket was a dog's life, kid... now maybe you'll believe me! (RAGING) Oh-h...if they'd only take me in the Army!

FRED: I've been in the Army, Mr. Casey...it isn't so soft!

CASEY: You dont know what you're talking about— uh--- umm. (SUBSIDING) Take these pictures to the Globe, Fred, and get your 200 bucks.

FRED. I hate to—

CASEY: You're nuts if you dont! (SLIGHT PAUSE) Only— did you make extra copies of these prints?

FRED: Yeah...two of each.

CASEY: Can I have the extras? I wont use em, of course...it's just that they're nice, clean camera jobs and— (VICOUSLY) —I want em to remember Burke by.

FRED: Here they are.

CASEY: Thanks. Take the others to your Globe guy now...in this racket a guy's got to do the best he can— sell to the highest bidder. You gave the Express its chance and it muffed it. So long, kid— I'm going across the street and get a drink.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BAR-ROOM EFFECTS...PIANO BEHIND

ETH: Say, Casey— you been sittin' at this bar for nearly two hours now...aint you ever goin' back to work?

CASEY: (STILL BITTER) I'm not sure that I am, Ethelbert...at the Express.

ANN: Oh, stop being sore at Burke!— you simply caught him in one of his nasty moods, Casey...you know he's a pretty decent sort underneath.

CASEY: Ann, I'm tired of digging underneath Burke to find his good

(CONT'D)

CASEY: (cont'd) points. For two cents, I'd go over to the Globe myself and strike Curtis for a job...he's a city editor who knows values; and he's also an alright guy.

CURTIS: (GENIAL...HALF OFF, FADING ON WITH A CHUCKLE) Thanks, Casey.

CASEY: (STARTLED) Huh??

ANN: Mr. Curtis—!

CURTIS: Hello, Miss Williams. (CHUCKLING) I came in the door just in time to overhear that flattering remark, Casey. And when do you want to start to work on the Globe?

CASEY: I— uh...I haven't exactly made up my mind to make any change, Curtis.

CURTIS: Merely crabbing about something, eh? (LAUGHS) You and the Express are married to each other...you have quarrels, but no divorces.

CASEY: (UNCOMFORTABLY) The Express is— it's a good paper—

CURTIS: (LAUGHING) Okay...okay.

CASEY: But we sure let you put one over on us today— getting those exclusive murder pictures for only 200 bucks.

CURTIS: What exclusive murder pictures?

CASEY: Of the ~~Dwyer~~ Blake killing, of course! Give Mr. Curtis a drink, Ethelbert—

EPH: Okay.

CURTIS: (PUZZLED) We didn't get any exclusives of the Dwyer Blake killing.

CASEY: You bought the stuff that ~~Parker~~ Foster kid got!

CURTIS: ~~Parker~~? Foster

CASEY: Sure...~~Fred Parker~~ also Foster!

CURTIS: Never heard of him.

CASEY: (PAUSE) Say— didn't you send a guy from the Globe to buy those shots from—?

CURTIS: I haven't the vaguest idea of what you're talking about, Casey

ANN: Casey—?

CASEY: I—

WAITER: (HALF OF) Telephone, Mr.Casey...a Mrs.Parker on the wire.

CASEY: Mrs.Parker? (SEEING TROUBLE...QUICKLY) Excuse me.

CURTIS: (FADING) Miss Williams, will you tell me what this is all about—?

SOUND: TELEPHONE BOOTH DOOR CLOSED

CASEY: Hello...Casey speaking.

MRS.P: (ABOUT 20; SHE IS TENSE, WORRIED, FRIGHTENED...ON FILTER) They told me at the Express to call this number, Mr.Casey— I'm Fred Parker's wife— He's with you, isn't he?

CASEY: No.

MRS.P: But you know where he is??

CASEY: No.

MRS.P: Then something's happened to him!

CASEY: What do you mean?

MRS.P: Over two hours ago, he phoned me at the place where I work... about the pictures he'd taken of that— that murder. He said he was going to develop them and then meet you...he promised to phone me again after he met you— to let me know if he got the job. But he didn't phone! I got home only a minute ago...he isn't here, but someone has been in our apartment!

CASEY: Someone—??

MRS.P: I found the lock on our door broken...and, in the closet Fred uses as a dark room for his developing, things have been broken and knocked around—

CASEY: Has anything else in the apartment been disturbed??

MRS.P: No— just things in the dark room. Oh, Mr.Casey— what do you think—??

CASEY: I dont know, but I'm going to try to find out! Mrs.Parker, call

(CONT'D)

CASEY: (cont'd) the police, report what's happened and try not to worry. I'll call you back the moment I learn where your husband is...and I think I know how to find him.

MRS.PA You do??

CASEY: Yes. Give me your number.

MRS.P: Main 3045.

CASEY: Main 3045. Call the police right away.

MRS.P: I will—

CASEY: Goodbye for now.

MRS.P: —Goodbye—

SOUND: RECEIVER QUICKLY CRADLED & BOOTH DOOR OPENED

CASEY: Ann—!!

ANN: (FADING ON) Yes, Casey—?

CASEY: Come on!

ANN: Where?

CASEY: To my car across the street! The copies of those Dryer pictures are there, in my plate case...and I want to take a very careful look at them!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: STREET EFFECTS...HOLD SOFTLY IN BACK

CASEY: Oh, if I'd only looked carefully at these prints before, Ann—!

ANN: What do you see, Casey??

CASEY: How Blake Dryer was murdered!

ANN: How Blake Dryer was—??

CASEY: Here— take the two pictures...hold em under this dashboard light as I was looking at them.

ANN: Okay.

CASEY: When Parker Linda snapped these shots of Dryer, you see he also got a full picture of the building across the street.

ANN: Yes.

CASEY: In the first picture, the bullet has just struck Blake Dryer— he's beginning to fall...and a ground floor window of the building across the street is partly open.

ANN: Just a few inches.

CASEY: But, in the second picture which shows Blake Dryer lying on the sidewalk, that window is closed!

ANN: He was shot from behind that window and the killer closed it right after he fired!

CASEY: That's it. Now look at this third floor window in both pictures...it's the one ~~Ben~~ Georgie B Walker said he was standing behind when he heard the shot. Do you see anyone there??

ANN: No! Casey— ~~Jorgie~~ Walker owns that building...today is Saturday— everyone in the downstairs offices had probably gone home... he went down there, waited for Dryer to come out of that barber shop—!

CASEY: Then, after he shot him, he did a quick dash up the stairs to the third floor, rang the elevator bell, the operator picked him up, took him down— and he'd established a pretty good alibi because the bullet entered Dryer's body at a straight angle... he couldn't have been shot from the third floor!

ANN: But why did ~~Jorgie~~ Walker kill Dryer??

CASEY: That doesn't matter now! The point is that he did...he MUST have! Ann, ~~Jorgie~~ Walker is the only person besides you, ~~Parker~~ Fuller and I who knew ~~Parker~~ Fuller had taken these pictures...he was with us when the kid told us about them.

ANN: And he offered to take ~~Parker~~ Fuller home right afterwards...if Lieutenant Logan hadn't called him back—!

CASEY: He'd have gotten the film from Parker then. As the next best thing, he sent someone to wait for the kid outside the Express Building— to pose as a representative of the Globe and buy

(CONT'D)

CASEY: (cont'd) the pictures...but ~~Parker~~ Inta wouldn't sell until he saw me and the phoney Globe man didn't dare try any rough stuff on the street. Then I played into his hands by telling the kid not to accept Burke's chiseling offer and—

ANN: The phoney Globe man got Parker into a car when he left you... and kidnapped him!

CASEY: Yes. But the kid had only prints of the pictures with him... ~~Jorgie~~ Walter had to have the negatives, too; so he or the guy working with him broke into ~~Parker~~ Inta's apartment and got em. Evidently, the kid didn't let on that he'd given me a set of prints or I'd have received a call from em, too.

ANN: Maybe they've killed ~~Parker~~ Inta...they wouldn't dare let him go after—

CASEY: If they have killed him, I'm partly responsible, Ann!

ANN: That's not so! Get on the phone; call Logan— tell him to arrest ~~Jorgie~~ Walter—!

CASEY: The quickest way to start Logan after ~~Jorgie~~ Walter is to show him these pictures...we're starting for Headquarters as soon as I unlock this ignition and—!

JORGIE: (LOW, SHARPLY) Dont make a move or a sound.

ANN: (A GASP)

CASEY: ~~Jorgie~~ Walter—!

JORGIE: There's a gun in this coat pocket, Casey, and my finger's on the trigger. You remember that, too, Miss Williams...and that a man in danger of the electric chair wont hesitate to shoot. (PAUSE...~~A LOW CHUCKLE~~) An automobile with open windows is a bad place to sit and talk about important matters.

CASEY: (DRYLY) I guess you did some eavesdropping, ~~Jorgie~~. Walter

JORGIE: And not by accident. You see, young ~~Parker~~ Inta— quite innocently — did drop the information that you had prints of these interesting pictures. I waited a long time for you to come out

JORGIE: (cont'd) of the Blue Note Café...and when you got into this car, I was very close to you.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENED...CLOSED AT *

JORGIE: Now I'll join you in the car. (*) You dont mind if I occupy the back seat?

CASEY: Make yourself at home.

JORGIE: (CHUCKLES) Start your motor, Casey...and drive as I direct. If you dont, it'll be too bad for both of you.

CASEY: Okay.

SOUND: MOTOR STARTED...CAR THROUGH GEARS

CASEY: Mind giving me a hint of where we're going?

JORGIE: We're going to join young Parker...who has not been killed—yet.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: AUTOMOBILE...HOLD UNDER UNTIL *, THEN BRAKE & CUT. ~~WATERFRONT EFFECTS OFF~~

JORGIE: Drive right up to those big doors, Casey.

CASEY: Okay.

ANN: (FRIGHTENED) What is this place?

JORGIE: ~~An old boat house~~ a little waterfront attraction that I own, Miss Williams. Kind of a lonely situation...but the view across the water is very pretty, dont you think?

ANN: (DRYLY) Yeah...just swell. (*)

CASEY: Here we are.. Now what?

JORGIE: Now...after I get out of the car—

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENED...SECOND DOOR AT *...CLOSE AT **

JORGIE: —you get out, too. (*) I noticed you placed the pictures I want in that plate case of your's, Casey...bring the case with you.

CASEY: Alright.

JORGIE: And be very careful. (**) Tom— open up.

TOM: (A ROUGH KNOCK...INSIDE, MUFFLED) Okay, Jorgie.

SOUND: HEAVY BOATHOUSE DOOR PARTIALLY OPENED..CLOSED AT *

TOM: (AT MIKE) I see you got the guy you went after...plus a dame.

JORGIE: Yes, Tom...just as you got Parker. Step inside, Casey...and Miss Williams.

CASEY: Come on, Ann.

FRED: (HALF OFF) Casey—!!

CASEY: Hello, Fred. (*) I see they've got you nicely tied up.

FRED: (FADING ON) That guy, Tom, brought me here...he's the fella who said he was on the Globe, Casey! I told him about the prints you had before I knew he was a phoney.

CASEY: It's okay, pal.

JORGIE: Now you can hand over those prints, Casey.

CASEY: Guess I'll have to give em to you, Jorgie...but, first, do you mind telling us what you're going to do with us?

JORGIE: You're naturally curious about that. In a few minutes, my friend, Tom, will tie you and Miss Williams as securely as Parker is already bound...later tonight, when it's very dark and there's no traffic on the road outside, the three of you will be taken for a boat ride.

CASEY: And dumped overboard?

JORGIE: In deep water...weighted in cement

ANN: Casey—

JORGIE: It's something I dont want to do, Miss Williams, but I have no choice...you people are dangerous to me and I'm a guy who thinks of himself first. Casey, give me the pictures in that plate case.

CASEY: Okay—

TOM: (QUICKLY) Dont let him stick his mits in that case, Jorgie... there may be a gat in there—!

CASEY: There's nothing in this case but film plates, flash bulbs and your pictures—

JORGIE: If there was, you'd get no chance to pull any fast ones, but— take your hands out of there.

CASEY: (COMPLIANTLY) You're the doctor.

TOM: He's got something in his mits, Jorgie!!

CASEY: (INNOCENTLY IRRITABLE) Cant you see they're only flash bulbs??— I took em out so you can get the prints easier!

JORGIE: Dont be so helpful! Just rap the case from his shoulder, tom.

TOM: (SLIGHT PAUSE) I got it.

JORGIE: Take out the pictures...I want to be sure— (A CRY AS:)

SOUND: A SMALL SHAPR CRASH OF GLASS...STRUGGLE & BLOWS AT *

CASEY: You got a flash bulb between the eyes, Jorgie!! (*)

JORGIE: Shoot him!om!!— my eyes are cut...I cant see...I'm blind!!!

TOM: (STRUGGLING) He's got my gun, Jorgie...I—!!

CASEY: You shouldn't try to handle a gun and a bulky film plate case at the same time, Tom— (HEAVY BLOW)

TOM: GRUNTS...HIS BODY CRASHES TO FLOOR

JORGIE: (IN PAIN...FRANTIC) Tom—!!

FRED:

EXEX: Your pal just got a hay maker on the chin, Jorgie!!

CASEY: It was one like this, Jorgie!! (HEAVY SOCK...CRASHING BODY)

ANN: Oh, Casey—!!!

FRED: You got em both, Casey...they're out! ~~cold!~~!!

CASEY: (PANTING) Will you get my camera from the car while I watch these muggs, Ann? I'm going to use some flash bulbs now to get a few front page pictures...and if Burke DOESN'T put em on the front page, I WILL take a job on the Globe!

ANN: Hmm...now where have I heard THAT one before?

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BAR ROOM EFFECTS...PIANO IN BACK

ETH: But why did Jorgie kill that guy, Dryer, Casey?

CASEY: Crooked private detectives, like Dryer are often blackmailers, Ethelbert... Dryer was.—

ANN: He'd found out that Jorgie once served a term in prison under another name...and Jorgie finally got tired of paying him to keep his mouth shut.

CASEY: Jorgie knew that Dryer patronized the barber shop across from his office building and invariably went there on Saturday afternoon...all he had to do was watch and wait for him.

ANN: And he'd figured out a pretty good alibi—

CASEY: Which might have stood up if Parker hadn't been there with his little ~~candid~~ camera.

ETH: After what the Parker kid went through on this job, I guess he'll be glad to go ~~back to~~ workin' in a store.

CASEY: Oh, no!— he's got the stuff it takes.

ANN: And Casey's browbeaten Burke into putting him on the regular camera staff, Ethelbert.

ETH: Yeah?

CASEY: (HASTILY) He's taking the job on his own responsibility!— I've warned him...and now he's seen for himself—

ANN: (DRYLY) That it's a "dog's life".

CASEY: It certainly is!

ETH: (CHUCKLES) Casey, as my sister, Edna, says— quote: "Them as complains about leadin' a dog's life are usually the kind who wouldn't change places with any other breed of animile". unquote

CASEY: Humph.

ANN: Give Casey another Fido biscuit, Ethelbert...poured in his usual glass.

MUSIC: UP FOR FINISH

— THE END —

by: Alonzo Deen Cole